



The Junior Star

Twins Write Twin Stories Of Fun at Camp Kahlert



Patsy and Penny Blackledge go over their stories.

—Junior Star Photo.

Prize Contribution By Patsy Blackledge, 10

Phoebe Hearst School

I was really very excited when I saw Camp Kahlert. In among the beautiful green trees were little brown wooden cabins. All the girls of the same age lived together. For instance, I lived with the 10-year-olds in cabin 7, and, as we were the youngest group in the camp, we were called "Bitsies."

Our favorite sport was swimming, and we were allowed to swim twice a day in the West River. We knew this was an inlet from the Chesapeake, as we had studied the Bay region last year in the fourth grade. In the morning, we would have swimming lessons, and in the afternoon, it would be "dip period." Each one had a buddy in the water, and when the lifeguard blew her whistle two times, each of us would hold up her buddy's hand so she could see no one was missing. One day when I was in swimming, I walked under one of the floats and a crab bit my toe. Believe me, I never went under there again. I am glad to say that almost every girl in our cabin won her Red Cross beginner's swimming certificate.

Now I would like to tell you about one of my favorite days at camp, called "peanut day." Every one drew a name out of a box and no one knew who had her name. Each person was to do good deeds in secret for the "peanut" whose name she had drawn. My peanut picked me a big bunch of black-eyed susans, wrote me a verse, made my bed and swept under it for me.

Another thing that was fun on one of our after-dinner programs was "Glamour, Incorporated." Those who were interested went over to one of the larger cabins and there one of the counselors put bright red finger-nail polish on us, beautiful lipstick to match and sweet-smelling perfume. She told us how to brush our hair 100 strokes a day to make it real fluffy and beautiful.

I am still enjoying camp, even though I'm home, because before I go to sleep at night I have fun just thinking about the things I used to do there.

Prize Contribution By Penny Blackledge, 10

Phoebe Hearst School

Gee, we really had the time of our lives at Camp Kahlert. There were so many things to do—not a dull moment. For instance, crafts, swimming, tennis, archery, hikes, cook-outs, dramatics, ping-pong, jacks and baseball (which I especially liked).

The meals were simply scrumptious! Here is one of our breakfasts—cornflakes with bananas and milk, water, cocoa, and toast with melted butter and jam. We got ice cream every single Sunday. But, of course, out of all these things, Mother's fried chicken, and Daddy's fried eggs are still tops with me.

We had a cook-out every Thursday, rain or shine. On one of our cook-outs, we had hotdogs, potato chips, punch, peaches and a peanut butter sandwich. We also had sparklers (not to eat, of course) because it was the Fourth of July.

After dinner each night we would have a program. Once, we had "baby night." Everybody was supposed to dress up as a baby. There was a contest to see which baby could crawl the fastest, which could bawl the loudest, and which could finish its water first, etc. At the end of the program the camp doctor said it was very late for babies to be up, and we must go right to our cribs and go to sleep. At this statement, all the "babies" started crying as loud as possible.

Another night, we had a carnival. That was more fun! It cost a penny a ticket. It was really for the benefit of the little war orphan Camp Kahlert had adopted. There was a sideshow, wonder-house, a bowling alley, fortune-telling booth, your weight guessed—we also tried to drop pennies into a jar top which floated on the water. If you got the penny in, you could have it back again.

Last of all, the spook house, and that's what I especially liked. You had to go in blindfolded and barefooted, and every one before me said: "There are worms all over the floor in there."

Finally, I noticed that one of my friends walked out with spaghetti on her toes, so then I knew what the "worms" were. When I went in, they made me hold a "giant's eyeball." I think it was just a squashy tomato. The thing I liked best about the spook house was the shrieks and screams of the so-called ghosts.

Of course, it wouldn't seem like camp if you didn't get a bee sting, and I really got a whopper right on my toe.